

E

469

.8

.T47



Terrill, E.C.

Canadian sympathies in the
American rebellion, and Canadian
choice in the American election.





Class E 469
Book .8
T 47

183

CANADIAN SYMPATHIES

IN THE

AMERICAN REBELLION,

AND CANADIAN CHOICE

IN THE

AMERICAN ELECTION.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNION CLUB AT OLD CAMBRIDGE,

NOV. 4, 1864,

By E. C. TERRILL, OF STANSTEAD, C. E.

(Printed by request.)

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

Before commencing my little speech, allow me to compliment myself upon being associated this evening with Mr. Everett, who has not only now shown himself possessed of innate eloquence, but who is known as the worthy son of a most worthy sire; the son of a man recognized the world over as a monument of talent, wisdom and integrity; a sapient scholar, and a solid statesman; one of America's chiefest patriots.

In 1859 I passed through Boston on my way to Georgia, and wrote thus to a Canadian Gazette, little thinking I should ever address a Boston assembly :—

“I cheerfully allow that the environs of Boston are the terrestrial paradises of America. They are collections of noble mansions, English cottages, and Chinese gardens let down by fairy hands into a charming grove, and they peep out of their pretty hiding places like so many white rabbits from clover burrows. Brookline is nestled in a basket of fruits, and Cambridge rests in the arms of her scholar laureates with a dignity worthy her prolific honors.”

It is probable that my youth and inattention to the politics of either the United States or Canada, will prevent my speaking learnedly to you; but my constant and fervent desire that Canada, my native land, and the United States, her mighty neighbor, should live

on terms of good fellowship and sisterly love, and both be happy and great, will make me speak feelingly if not learnedly.

Though moved by a love of home, and home institutions, I am yet cosmopolitan to the very centre of impartiality; for I am both Canadian and American by descent and residence; have dwelt among the *rouge* and *bleue* of Canada, the pro-slavery and anti-slavery of the States.

To know Lower Canada, is to know the more unfavorable of the four Provinces, if we except the city influence. She is divided, as to her American sympathies, into the Eastern Township Party, the French Country Party, and the City Cliques. The first is for you, the second against you, the third divided. The Townships are very largely populated by American descendants and foreigners allied with them by marriage. Though not generally annexationists, their sympathies are largely with you, and almost without exception with the negro; while the principles advanced by some, fugitive New Hampshire men, startle and shock them by disloyalty to northern and humanitarian principles. Annexation may be some time brought about; but it will be worthless to you, unless it emanates spontaneously from Canada.

The minorities are some influential families of British lineage, and the laboring classes. The former have an erroneous notion of their responsibility to preserve British sentiment and exclude natural convictions of the propriety of good fellowship with you. You sometimes regret the loss of that kind of men whom you stigmatize *skeddaddlers* or *scatterers*, but they do not surpass in number, and are not to be compared in manliness to the laboring class you have drawn from us, while the corruption, their lawlessness, immorality and noisome politics produces is really deplorable.

The French country affects you but little, for it is inland and quite uncommercial. It has no press to contaminate public sentiment, no supplies to withhold from you. They simply chat that Louis Napoleon likes Beauregard. Beauregard's early Adam put on his moccasins on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and Louisiana was once French. Our cities are Quebec and Montreal, but aside from shipping, the latter is the only city in fact. Halifax supplanted Quebec, or she would have fitted out blockade runners. She has a detrimental influence upon members of Parliament, but they have a greater and a beneficial one upon her (on American affairs). Her *Chronicle* like the *Toronto Leader*, is blatant and satirical upon North-

ern politics, and for that reason neither of them can be Government organs. Montreal is known by her press, her trade, and her hotels (a city's physiognomy). Her *Witness* is your ardent lover, the *Herald* your warm friend, the *Gazette* your severe critic, and the *Advertiser* your mercenary villifier. Yet the *Gazette* and *Herald* were both inconsistent in this, that while the *Gazette* supported the militia bill at home, and the *Herald* not, the *Gazette* cried for peace in America, and the *Herald* war. A large foreign trade and a home production of the necessaries of life, have exceeded the influence of her trade with you. Heretofore, French jealousy of British supremacy, and our trade with you since the treaty, has given you a favoritism in Montreal as it will after the war, but until then, Foreign trade, the presence of Southerners and British troops in Canada, will more or less affect her.

A nation is like a man, but with more phases of character, more salient points, slower of movement. America has a large farm and a good farm house. England with less land has built an elegant mansion. Canada, a foster child of England, is breaking up new land, but he occasionally brushes up his coat, and tries to keep his hands clean, for he is sometimes invited to the mansion of England and hopes for better days. Now, America was a middle-aged man in the pride of his strength, and could do many things that Canada couldn't, and could do better than Canada nearly all that Canada could; but Canada, though a young man, had a young man's conceit. If England didn't make tea to suit America, or the two men couldn't go to the same church, it didn't concern Canada, nor is it worth while to twit him of living on his father. It is not undignified to receive from a relative when one is needy, and you must remember that Canada's farm is smaller and harder to till than yours.

America has learned during this struggle, what all nations learn in times of adversity, that she is not exactly appreciated by her fellows, that she is underrated by some, and overrated by others, and both these results sometimes arise from selfishness. The criticism is not expressed, nor is the probable one thought of, while each is prosperous; for the nation, like a man, is strong in the pride of prosperity. But America will never war with England or Canada for a criticism founded in reason, nor if the criticism be founded in good faith, but upon bad premises, nor if upon mere motives of rivalry. Malice alone can give a plausible excuse, and even that should be patent in overt acts to be reprehended in war, allowing that war is ever right. When

you accuse us of criminal ignorance in your affairs, judge yourselves upon the same basis. What one of you in the Crimean war, took his cue from personal reading of British journals? Of two nations, it is natural that the younger should know more of the internal polity of the older; how much less familiar must Englishmen be with the politics of your journals. You love your government for its own sake, and other nations like theirs for the same, and next to your own you like governments akin to yours. Now when Britain wars with a nation as unlike your own as itself, the first supposition is that you would side with Britain; but the leaven of rivalry has usually produced a contrary result; still less would you sympathise with her if she warred with some European republic. You would find as she now does, motives of rivalry and selfishness predominating. In the India rebellion you were not so anxious to have England extinguish heathenism and caste, and its consequent vassalage, as to have the colony freed from English tyranny and to have another land open to Republican institutions; and especially when England said in her acts, as you have in your war, that she fought not to abolish such, but for that upon which their abolition was consequent, the sustaining a branch of her national life. In the Russian war you were not constantly thinking of the indirect effect a victory would have on serfdom; so Britain overlooks your great question of slavery when you say you war for Union. She cannot fully sympathize with you while her government differs from yours. It is not enough that both like to preserve nationality; the name is the same, the essence is different. You will pardon my remarks, when I say that I find more to like in yours; but I find one fault greater than all of hers. I enjoy pomegranates, another man limes, both eat, but the diversity is the kind of eating. Britain failed in sympathy in proportion as she saw that the government you would make would be less like her own than the Southern under her influence, slavery excepted. But though you have not always produced abroad that which is one of the harbingers of sympathy, admiration, you have waked in every intelligent mind in foreigndom, inimical or otherwise, the mammoth of wonderment and amaze at your national wealth, your national strength, your national hope, your national love. Had you risen as one man, and crushed the rebellion in a day, we should never have known the continuity of your purpose, and it might have been called ephemeral and fickle impulse. You have a million of muscle and mind in and about the war,—you have temporarily parted with half your life,—you

have spent two billions of money. By a close calculation, I estimate that that amount of money would fill brimming with silver dollars a building containing one million cubic feet, or a hundred feet in every direction. Think of it ! it would fill Boston with ivory palaces. But Red Hand, the robber, said your money or your life, and you gave your money, and you did well. Does any say they are not dollars, and will not be paid ? I believe the Union will pay its debt, as surely as I will pay my laundry bill. Why ? The same pride that makes her fight, will make her pay. Does any doubt the patriotism of Americans ? as a rule no man who has it not, will fight or lend the government. Why ? Only the soldier who has patriotism believes that the capitalist who has patriotism will loan the money which is to pay the soldier. And the patriotic capitalist will alone believe the government patriotic enough to return. We expect or hope to see in others a lasting portrayal chiefly of the true traits we ourselves possess. I say you will pay, for you are preserving the Union for its virtues, and to repudiate were a vice ; you are preserving the Union for its international, as well as home good, and repudiation were debasing abroad. Patriotic creditors may combine and give up their claims or commute them, but there must be no direct or indirect compulsion.

Though the *Times*, *Tribune*, and our own papers, create more than a balance of sympathy with us, some get their cue from the *Herald* and *World*, believing them, from their size and circulation, grand organs and mouth-pieces. Some still believe with Bacon, that a nation needs a king as a swarm of bees its head, but that head is a female, and may be President as well as a Queen ; a further analogy would as much show that it needed drones. A King has been talked of for Canada, but none harbored the idea save those who thought their talents or lordly persons fitted them for office or ornament. You may feel kindly towards us that in the bitterest part of your war when your bile toward foreigners was most apparent, such men as Galt, the back-bone of one ministry, and George Brown, the guide of another, swayed matters in Canada. The opposition that curtailed Brown's influence have never gained their end, an active militia. Galt in the present ministry, was once annexationist, and if he took that ground from a conviction of the true interests of Canada, he will not fail to push his views when the proper time comes. We are now making a confederation of provinces, call it if you please, a union of States. The only questionable feature is the life appointment of the upper House

or Senate by the Queen. This is probably to gain Britain's consent to the union, hoping for a change hereafter, when that body shall be more vital than heretofore.

The now trite Trent affair might have brought grave difficulties. Which prevented, fear or favor? Chiefly favor; though there were Englishmen who ranted for war, as Hale ranted when an English man-of-war searched an American merchantman a few years since on the better ground suspicion of being a slaver. There are a few among us, as well as in America, who charge all the vices consequent to a new country and to slavery to the system of a republic. I never could determine whether they were unwise or malicious. There are a few who seem to see in the large estate, the aristocracy, the dress, style and hospitality of the Southron, more of the Englishman than in the culture, business, commerce, religion and general enterprise of the North. I rather pity such men for their ignorance than hate them for their malevolence. No man can judge of republicanism in America, till the turbulent river of immigration shall have gathered in a vast lake of quiet and cultivation. No man can judge of a corn-meal pudding, if he tastes the crude grains while boiling; they are then only in federation, not union. Those who are ultra become still more so, by means of the local ill of substitute brokerage and kidnapping. You know very little here of that pest of the borders. Our simple-minded peasants sign contracts to labor in the border states which prove enlistments. The pimp and his witness prove any understanding, and the family of the dupe are soon in want and grief. Think of a man forced to lay down his life for a cause he does not understand, while all that he ever learned to love are in misery. There are those who having no American politics, from mercenary motives, hate the war and avert themselves from its abettors because of its embargo on our trade. The great misunderstanding has arisen from the presence of Southerners in Canada, who have there experienced perfect hospitality. Canadian ignorance of slavery in detail, and petulance because of American boast, no doubt contributed to it; but as pride and selfishness are too indirect sources of hospitality, I am glad such influences are at work. Had Canada driven the Southerners from her soil she would be a reproach to herself, and hereafter ignoble in your sight even. Her real feeling was shown but yesterday in her condign arrest and action in regard to the Vermont raiders, and the *London Times* of Canada, *Montreal Gazette*, writes:—"It is the duty of the government and people of Canada to see that the right of asy-

lum its soil affords be kept inviolate, and its breach furnished with the sternest severity. To surprise a peaceful town and shoot and rob is not civilized war, but war of savages." Philip would brand them the ungrateful guests as he did the Macedonian soldiers. I am glad the raid happened, for the action of our Governor and people will put us on a true footing with you again.

Canadians tired of hearing you vaunt the Constitution, just as you tire at hearing them vaunt the Magna Charta and British Constitution, as if either were immaculate. We believed once with John Quincy Adams, "that the Constitution sanctioned dishonorable compromise with slavery, for which there was no remedy but re-organization, that the bargain between freedom and slavery was morally and politically vicious, inconsistent with the principles on which alone the revolution could be justified," and we could not be blind to the fact that slavery was satanic or divine before the Constitution of 1787.

Pardon me if I remark upon your Constitution, and show why our sympathies make us specially desirous of an amendment upon the slavery clauses. As for the sovereignty of states, *it does not exist*, and its warmest votary must take the alternative, that it is either folly to suppose so, or they were fools who made the compact. I defy contradiction when I say, that any alien dwelling on the words *perpetual* of 1781, "We, the *people of the United States*," and "A *more perfect Union*," of 1787, and for data referring to Hamilton and Madison's Rhode Island Report, and the Federalist on the State Protection clause, will decide beyond a doubt that the State cannot at all conflict with the Union. If quibbling be resorted to by the State, how much more could the Union assume than the State in that clause which guarantees from the Union, a republican form of government to each State. Now for slavery; an impartial man reading those words, "created equal," "consent of governed," and "liberty," in the declaration, and "to establish justice," and "secure blessings of liberty," in the Constitution, and the address of 1783, "that it has ever been the pride and boast of America, that the rights for which she contended were the rights of human nature," would say that did slavery not then exist, it could not subsequently come into existence. It did exist, and nothing farther can be urged than this, that it was only allowed to continue then, and not prohibited from 1808, because it was thought it would die before, or if it proved progressive, Congress would abolish it or kill it by taxation

from that date. Do you think those men were omniscient? they had something else to think of; slavery troubled them as little then as the Indian question, and less than the Mormon does you now. Their main idea was a grand national existence as yours now, and to get Georgia and South Carolina, they compromised, as I fear some supporters of the administration would to gain more democrats, or the North to gain more border states. Take care! To get Georgia and Carolina they threw out that which would have been an eternal ornament to the declaration; that protest against King George's execrable commerce, *Slave market*, war against *human nature*, and *violation* of Negro liberty. Those two States carried the 1808 and fugitive clauses. Baldwin said Georgia would go out of the Union.—Pinckney would consider a refusal the exclusion of South Carolina, and so these two domineered over eleven. Why? New-England, except the then noble New Hampshire, had the states rights mania, which by a freak of time she has since dropped, having no use for, and the South has taken up, having a motive.

It is a serious inquiry for you, whether your impression that slavery has its mortal stab, arises from facts or your hopes; with the germ left, greed and ease will be powerful against mere morality.—You have either to call it null by divine law, which the South will not allow, or amend the Constitution, and that done there is no issue left, only a grudge. As for tariffs they have sanctioned more severe ones than the Morrill, and profited by them.

I repeat, we must be on good terms with you; we are three thousand miles from England and not an inch from you. No lofty mountain range or impassable gulf separates us. Our resources, climate, means of education, condition and pursuits of our people are more American than English. English protection and monetary assistance is peculiar, and against political economy. You were both kind to us at the outbreak of the revolution, but it was selfish kindness.—England wanted us for a freeport and rendezvous in war, a means to rebuke a more rebellious colony. You wanted our support to resist, and so you voted that Canada alone of the remaining provinces, should be admitted without re-consideration; we had a slave or two then, and might have voted with the South. We can never submit to be a battle ground again for other nations. We gain as much by the treaty as you do; we import our flour and manufactures from the states, and you buy our horses and cattle. Friendly relations pursued with both for the next quarter century, we shall find our com-

mercial interests chiefly with you. Balance of power in America is not necessary to England's safety, while the moral tone, educational progress and consanguinity of the North exist. Though your withdrawal of protection from border ruffians in 1837, shows that you do not seek us by force, your friendship is better than your enmity, and in as great a measure as the latter is to be dreaded, so is the former to be desired. Every Canadian should sympathize with you who believes in the right to put down rebellion, either as a civil or humane right; who would support a better government than can follow from the South's victory; who is friendly to the States and to his own country. There is no doubt about Canadian sympathy on the slavery question any more than on the commercial, since the treaty, so far as the intelligent Anglo and Americo-Canadians are concerned. Deep down in the fountains of their hearts, underneath the froth of prejudice, they feel these wellings of principle, respect for humanity, intuition of liberty, demand for right. We are minded that one part of America is a country sanded with gold and embowered with roses, fanned and perfumed by the bay and magnolia; endeared by the song of the many-tongued Orpheus; graced by myriad gay-plumed birds, and smiled upon by an almost celestial clime, and we want the privilege of visiting it without leaving our hearts at home, or belying them on the way. We feel that to know and to hate slavery carries one a vast way on the path of virtue, while an indifference toward it, were a great weight in sinking one to perdition. To battle slavery is the acme of philanthropic glory; a Howard soothing sick bodies in a pest house; a Winslow opening the windows of Heaven on the dark soul of Africa; a Garibaldi revealing and destroying the horde of Neapolitan villainies; all say, Give the white robe of merit to anti-slavery Great-Heart. Demosthenes forcing his Phillipics, or Pitt thundering his Georgics, are only precedents of the same spirit in a lower order. Truly as Sumner says, "All arts, all sciences, all economies, all refinements, all charities and all delights of life, are at issue in this cause." We hear, as you do, "The wails, the moans of slaves redouble to the hills and they to Heaven." On my return from Georgia in 1860, while the South were yet on the threshold of the Capitol preparatory to their departure, I lectured in Montreal, and made these statements. You can judge of their propriety:—"Anti-slavery makes me shun New-England sophists who support Southern villany for a doubtful praise, and still more doubtful conscience; and make me hate the knave Vallandigham, who perjured his soul to

Victor Hugo, terming the mulatto a natural hybrid, and the negro an ignorant and cruel brute. Shall I hate him less now? They make me despise those political misers who enjoy liberty among the green hills of the North, and deny it to the negro in the sultry South; who found their dicit on a Southern lie, and not only encourage the South but cause mutiny and inaction in the North, expecting in the temporal and final judgment of villany that the Northern unit will be overlooked in the Southern multitude." Shall I despise them less now? "We see that the North cannot be free from the responsibility of slavery by secession. They will not free the slaves unless it is right, nor secede to free them, unless that be the only way; but there is no secession, only revolution is possible. In the Union or out, they must fight slavery." Thank God, you are doing it in the Union, and successfully. Jefferson was right, when he said—"In the presence of slavery I tremble for the South when I remember that God is just; for in a war with slavery the Almighty has no attribute that will side with slave-owners." Here is another statement made at that time—1860. "If the South change its creed it will be from slavery, a necessary evil, to slavery a divine blessing; they will not be cramped or yield their theory without fighting, and anti-slavery will fight rather than cease agitation." Again: "It is rumored, that the opposition of the North, and the family trouble in the Southern electoral college make disunion inevitable. If the North think disunion will remove their responsibility, the sooner they fight the better.—Let the North start right, the majority of the world will join and God will give the issue. The North did not start right, though it is nearly so now; less Lincoln's fault than the nation's. They floated between freedom and slavery, as DeTocqueville says the voyager on the Ohio does. Those who fight under the banner of philanthropy should fight for the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant as well as the intelligent, soul as well as complexion; so that if the black, debased on earth be exalted in Heaven, and some white man exalted on earth, be debased in the hereafter, the black soul made white, shall have some cause to cool his parched tongue."

And now for our choice in your election. Remember we have no party interest or emolument of office to gain by the issue, and we regard your candidates simply upon their personal fitness. If there be any prejudice it is against the Democrats, for they, in the history of your politics, have most often threatened England and shown a

disposition to swallow Canada whole as they did Texas, without but-
tering its edges, and to conciliate the South by merging family feuds
in foreign quarrel, just as two robbers quarrelling over the division
of a spoil drop their strife, and pounce on some innocent passer-by
for better gain. When McClellan was put in charge of the Ameri-
can army, we wished him free will and action, and the opportunity
of a thorough trial, for we felt that praise was due him for his
training of the army; but we regarded him more as a very supe-
rior drill-sergeant than a splendid general, and thought, with the
London Times, that a regular army would afford many his equals.—
But we distinguish between military skill and political diplomacy,
and we say with a distinguished orator of the day, "There is only
one candidate in the field," that one, Lincoln. When he was elected
we very much doubted his fitness for the place. Now, under the
circumstances attending the position, we think him the fittest man.
We cannot put such strictures upon his conduct as Mr. Phillips does,
or if we could, would not make them so unfortunately ill-timed, yet
we are as strong abolitionists. We have said, liberate the blacks
compensating them in money, not the masters. We believe to-day,
that Mr. Lincoln, looking at the slavery question by itself, and in its
immediate practical sense, is as true an abolitionist as Phillips or
Garrison, and his future acts will prove him so. He was faulty with
Fremont and Hunter, and perhaps wanted grand pivot measures,
pro or con, to emanate from himself. Though Fremont's proclama-
tion and Hunter's edict were not absolutely military necessities, they
were military advantages, which, considering their ulterior, social and
moral benefits, might have been sustained and made of presidential
authority. Though we never thought Fremont more fit for the Pres-
idency than McClellan, you lost immense foreign sympathy abroad
by supplanting him. Execution stamps Fremont; caution, McClel-
lan; plan, neither. Lincoln did at first, what Carlyle says great
minds always do; he fluttered uncertain over the great impulse, and
by degrees seized the one idea by which he drives the world. I
think the phrase military necessity was an excuse to avoid censure,
as he passed from mental doubt to the clear light of right. It is
enough excuse for him to say, that few Americans of party politics
would have done so well. The only seeming reason for Phillips's
censure, is the rights of the black in the re-organization of states;
but we look upon that as only incipient, provisional and remedi-
able.

Mr. Lincoln's election is more certain than the result of any contested presidential election has been since Washington's. But his majority will not be so great, We can hardly call Jefferson's or Munroe's second election contested. The chief benefit in his constituents working now, is to increase his favor, and thus indirectly fill his hands with implements to carry out his will after election; and the benefit of talking is to have him know how the people would have him move, what would grieve and what would please. Two months since his re-election was even doubtful. How mighty a help have the late victories been, not only in putting down rebellion abroad, but dissension at home! I can conceive circumstances that would have kept the South united and vigorous, the Democratic party strong, the weather-cocks all against you, the peace party immense, foreign influence adverse, and the election hot and close, and conspiracies worse than Cataline's, riots, corruptions and blood-shed rife. We do not fear that Abraham Lincoln will worship the letter of the Constitution too much, nor compromise good and evil. "Compromise, in politics," says Burke, "is apt to be false candor in treaty with crime, and is like the bat, that disagreeable compromise between bird and beast, that flits on the eye at dusk, the disagreeable compromise twixt day and night." There are American politicians whose sole query is, "Can Lincoln conciliate the South any way." The true question, and the one we foreigners harp upon is, Will he settle the negro question satisfactorily for the whole world? Mr. Winthrop says the South were anxious for his first election. Then let them profit by his second. I repeat, the canker slavery aside, they have no future issue or quarrel with him; he can then arrange terms with them as well as Greeley and Clay. If he, as President of the United States, had abused his position toward the South, then another arbiter were necessary; but foreign nations complain alone of his delay in using the true weapon, emancipation, not of his severity.

His addresses to the Southern people, where they have not been too lenient, have been simply consonant with his position, and conciliatory in the extreme. He says, "Beyond constitutionally defending the Union, there will be no invasion, no force; we are not enemies, but friends." If any other person could conciliate the South easier, he must concede more, and therefore be unfit for the position. In contrasting Mr. Lincoln and Mr. McClellan, and their respective supporters, I shall strive to use suitable and decorous terms, for I dislike the term *Copperhead* as I do the term *Fanatic*, and I have

felt keenly for some of my democratic friends who support McClellan, who have been called therefore traitors, when I have known them to be pure in intention, if faulty in fact.

We gather from the Committee on the War enough to condemn McClellan as a general. How easily shall we conclude then, that he is unfit for a President, when we remember that his whole training has been military. His is no versatile talent, no brilliant genius, that will make him walk straight in a new path, when he has erred in an old and beaten one. Studious, reticent, cautious and with fair common sense, when he fails to guide his own war steed, will he pilot safely another's ship of state? When he opposed the President's wish to form army corps, it was as much as to say, I can wield the whole better than another general can a part. No one could blame him if he had succeeded; but when he assumed a responsibility that hardly a Napoleon would have thought wise to do, and that against the desire of his President, he laid himself open to the charge of being obstinate, conceited, or timid, either of which former objections could only be allayed by the example of great ability, and not only ability notable in one of his youth, but equal to the post he filled. But the lenient President, though supported by military authority, is not imperative, but writes, that he is unwilling that the commanding general be trammelled. His sole excuse for not sweeping the Potomac, was that it might precipitate a general action. That was the very thing desired; would he not risk a small engagement, with most certain beneficial results, lest a large one ensue, as it must have sooner or later, with the chances in his favor. True, his army was the pride of the North, but as he had made it a solid, upon him devolved risky battles as well as sure ones. He wanted to increase his army till it should preponderate immensely over the Southern, and swallow it up in one battle. But rebellions must be stopped quicker than other wars, and while the South was yet doubtful, and the extinction of the rebellion determined upon in the North, Lincoln grew tired of the six months quiet, and said, "Take a bee-line for Manassas." Another military suggestion from a civilian, says McClellan to himself; and returns, "Your plan is not well. I will sail about and surprise." Then came that quincunx of queries from Lincoln, that showed he thought ere he ordered; but no reasons are given in answer, and no action was taken. Potomac still blockaded, Washington unprotected, and Manassas deserted. Now a man is responsible according to his position; but concede that McClellan be responsible only for faults his

prescience might provide against, how much more is he responsible for those he is cautioned against. Note Lincoln's wisdom in the Yorktown matter,—“Don't seek a field, take the one in hand, else you shift without surmounting the difficulty.” Later, McClellan writes, “I trust I shall obtain the perfect confidence of my government, or my career may close.” Now this is noble, but he spoils it by complaining that no more men are sent him, when he knows the other generals have been stripped to build him.

As there is no excuse for the disaster of a splendid army, we cannot agree in this with him: “I will do all I can with the splendid army I command, but if the result is a disaster, it is not my fault.” The fact is, the opposing force was magnified to him, and he was not in full courage. Later, it is testified, our advance for conquest was turned into a retreat for safety, by a force probably not greatly superior to our own. Several chances to take both Richmond and Yorktown were lost. One might say, had he tried any particular one, it might have been a defeat. Not so, had he tried them all.

Thus the time passed away, and at the end of his active career of inertia, he could chiefly point to defences, not attacks—to plans, not accomplishments. Though not a wonderful man, he might have with his opportunities made a lasting fame. Many a soldier loves him for his courage and his skill; but more are endeared to him for saving them from fighting. We had a country officer of militia, to whom a tender parent said,—“Colonel P——, so long as you are in office, I can trust my son in the ranks, for I know you will never lead him into danger.”

How reasonable was it to expect, as did Lincoln, that at least the Northern army, whose purpose was attack, should do as much as the Southern, whose purpose was defence. And yet he was called Napoleonic. Why, beyond their physique, no two men were ever more dissimilar. In that time, and with that force, Napoleon would have scoured the whole South. What! tie Napoleon Bonaparte two years to one battle-ground? He never stayed, he never delayed, he had not his armies tied to his back but in his two hands, and he hurled them now one, now the other, now both with thunder's energy and lightning's speed, never failing till he met what an orator calls more the unyielding law of nature than human will. Did he never risk? All his great battles turned upon it. Where then was his excuse? in that he knew that his own presence and his soldiers' love for him made him a match for unequal numbers.

I find in Abraham Lincoln's letter, after the battle of Antietam, a more perfect connaissance and comprehension of McClellan's position and duty, than I find in all McClellan's action and correspondence, and beyond the detail of war, I think him the better stuff for a general. We form an ideal of every man we like. I have mine of Abraham Lincoln. We have, in Canada, a member of Parliament, plain John Pope, and to my mind he and Lincoln are twins in every respect but culture. They stand six feet, they have a like cast of feature, and are both plain; both have built their rail fences, both made their logical arguments, both stumble in grammar, but neither in common sense; the brains of both are brim-full of it. Raw-boned and lean by nature, they make themselves still more so by mental labor. No enterprise makes them cower, but work the more. Upon no new subject are they destitute of new ideas. Their nature is common-sense, their care human rights, they are both extremely genial and gestic, but fun is put in abeyance when fact is at issue—humor is essential to the long life of a public man, and we need cite no better instance than Palmerston. Pope will probably never be Governor or prime minister of Canada; but in either place people would not say he is incapable. As is said of one, so it can be said of the other, you would never call him a gentleman, still less would you say he was not one. Laboulaye says, "Lincoln is a Cæsar; though in like place he never would have had the disposition to do Cæsar's work, for the motive was not humane enough, he has overcome as great obstacles; he has not stood as do McClellan and Pendleton in the new lithograph, erect over the prostrate form of Liberty, (saying, rise beloved mother, without helping her), but in the spirit of Gasparin's *grand peuple qui relève*, he stoops and aids her."

He perceived when the South would not yield to his election, though on the non-extension ticket, that the war was to be pro-slavery on the part of the South, and Union or anti-slavery, or both, on the part of the North. Wisely he contends for both, and so in a measure displeases the extreme peace men on the one side, and abolitionists on the other. Was not pro-slavery the shibboleth of the South? Has any anti-slavery state seceded? Though for a time he needed delicate policy toward border states men, bankers and millionaires, and men of mental sway, won over from a pro-slavery to a Union party who needed to see the further necessity before they could become anti-slavery; yet he decided that the anti-slavery sentiment must in a great measure attend and direct his meas-

ures, for the opposite had endangered the Union; because so many slaves, so many enemies; because the whim of leaving the negro out of the fight, would cost many a man his life; because martial law which ignores property in necessity, must especially ignore such doubtful property in its present necessity. If Abraham Lincoln with a mountain of facts, calm confidence in his cause and his success, and at his leisure prepares a presidential message, and Jefferson Davis, red hot with anger, or full with grief, writes in a night his own,—it may be that the latter will be moulded in its sentences, and will create more satisfaction with its unity, and more sympathy with its feeling; but the other alone is reliable, sound and thoughtful. The one a speech for a day, the other a state paper for time. I have never been one of those who could not find most marked ability in his messages. As he never laid claims to polish, the reader should not be offended at its absence. Every man has his faults, and every great man who aspires to the presidential office, may make his whole career abortive by avarice, unlawful ambition, corruption, rashness. Now I state that while the majority of great men are amenable because of some one of these faults, Lincoln has neither.—Furthermore, you know what he intends to do, and that he has not finished his work. He was made President for this war specially, and it is for him to finish it. If Louis Napoleon were told that his cabinet ruled him, out of vanity he would oust them to show the contrary; but Lincoln does not oust Seward or Blair. He said to himself, if I have magisterial ability, time will show it. We will not dwell on the suspension of Habeas Corpus; as much hue and cry almost made about it as if it was habeas corpus christi. The weapon's his to use and we do him implore, in coming time to use it more.

He acts entirely in the matter within the spirit of the Constitution. I see in the spirit of his emancipation proclamation, employment of negroes—his amnesty proclamation and his intercourse with Hayti and Liberia, that which will stamp his conduct noble and benevolent abroad. As Moses made the bitter waters of Marah sweet to the Israelites by casting in a tree, so will your leader in time sweeten and calm the tempestuous sea of rebellion by casting therein the whole tree of liberty. DeTocqueville says that Jackson was both Federalist and Republican, but he was the idol of that party which afterwards merged in the democratic. Now I hear Democrats say almost in one breath, Give us a Jackson to wind up the war, and turn out Lincoln, for he tramples on our rights and suspends habeas

corpus. Oh, consistency were a jewel. His real name was not Hickory, but Habeas Corpus Jackson; but Clay said of Jackson, "If he had the qualities of a statesman, it escaped my notice." And we all know that Jackson's removal and making of officials at will, gave rise to the saying, "To the victors belong the spoils." There are among the democratic party many Irishmen and many Jews; are they there from principle, or personal favor, or motive? if the former, perhaps well, though as the differences between the Southern and Northern are temporal, personal interest rather than principle must decide these foreigners in a great measure. Now the Jew is avoided in the South, and when he seeks to locate himself, unless he buys his ground surreptitiously, the Southerners combine and prevent him. I have seen this often proved. In south-western Georgia I seldom saw an Irishman. The State-Rights party had an aversion toward a class who could swell the Northern vote so easily. The *Richmond Examiner* says: "The mass of foreign immigrants are sensual, grovelling, low-minded agrarians, distinguished by restless, wandering habits, and by a peculiar conformation of the skull and face. Animal and sensual nature largely predominates with them over the moral and intellectual. It is they who commit crimes, fill prisons, and adorn the gallows. They ran away from liberty. Had they feudal lords or masters to furnish them homes and subsistence, not one of them would quit. In a few years the blasphemous reformers will curse heaven that it did not bless the North with slavery, the only antidote to a crowded, motley, foreign and native population." I barely escaped a mobbing for telling a Southerner that he reminded me of an Irish friend. He came to the car window where I sat, and pointed me out to his companions, saying, "There is the rascal who said I looked like an Irishman." Are the Irish afraid that the influx of blacks North will affect their labor; let them rather reflect that opening the South will give themselves a larger field. So far from taunting them with their political misfortune and folly, I will say that nothing is more galling to every manly emotion I can lay claim to, than the knowledge that ignorant men, whose only offense is that they lack five of the ten talents granted their fellows, are made subjects of error by men whom nature has well endowed. For the foregoing reasons, we say in Canada, the Democrats are wrong, and Lincoln is our choice. I believe and trust his work will be for humanity. "Only the actions of the just smell sweet in death and blossom in the dust."

As for the Chicago Platform, I can only characterize it as cowardly, dishonorable and inconsistent, like the distorted figure in Horace's *Ars Poetica*; and if we judge from democratic speeches, Vallandigham's, Thayer's, Winthrop's and Reverdy Johnson's, one is for peace and talks for Pendleton, and another for war, and talks for McClellan. Can war so soften his gauntlet as to be tender in the hand of peace? There is a peace which is life, there is another which is death. As for that Democrat who is not only for Pendleton, for slavery, but secretly for secession, I can only compare him to a serpent, confined in the sodden timbers of a ruined platform, that, having two ways of exit, takes the smaller as more suitable for a serpent, and therein confined, hisses, writhes and ejects its venom, till the chill of November takes his existence. How different was the language of that platform which showed by its silence on the slavery question, that it did not feel as it should do concerning it, from Everett's, when he says:—"There is much reason for the opinion, that by the simple act of levying war against the United States, the relation of slavery was terminated." The one is cowardly one way, the other bold in another. Oh, how fortunate are those men who see that this is the most momentous month in their political lives, and make an eternal reputation by stepping out on the rock platform that cannot be swept away. How different from that man who hath no principle but party, who mounts his party steed, and with spurs deep, and flowing rein, shouts, Away, away! a race, a contest, though it be down the hill of abuse, and over the precipice of destruction.

I feel that I must have the privilege of going South when I choose; I want again to see the tall, slight, long-leaved pine, holding its tassels as some tall Cherokee stood at its base holding his scalps a century since; the scrubby black-jack oak with its rough, hard trunk like the war club of Attila; the mistletoe that decks one white oak with its pearls like some young bride, and the long grey moss that hangs another with a thousand beards; the spreading hickory, and the silver-leaved chestnut dropping their offerings in the autumn leaves; the persimmon, with one hand feeding its bonied plums to the grinning possum, and with the other to the roving swine; the cedar-vine muscodine tempting the fishes with its sapphire clusters; the wild grape dropping its tendrils from the hawthorne like hanging-birds' nests, and clasping the corn-stalk, whispering with the voice of growth,— "Fill the husbandman's palm with the golden kernels, and I will paint it with the ruby wine." The china carpeting the vermillion soil

with taper leaves, and the locust spreading for a border its pods of bronze with their stores of wild honey. The French mulberry clustering its carmine plumes in the hedges, and the passion flower, fig and pomegranite calling to the gardens freighted with the aromatic odors of tuberose, jessamine and myriad roses, and I am willing that the Southerner should rest his foot on the soft and jelly alluvial or golden loam of Canada; should enjoy our stately forest, majestic mountain, pure-eyed lakes, and fairy viles, where the clear blue air and cloudless sky, make the winter's frost a splendid joke; and winter, with the white hand of a fairy, weaves its feathered snow into a warm mantle for our generous earth. I want also to see the little darkies who made so many simple presents to Massa Ned, and my cousin's slaves, whom I pretended to oversee while I wrote an anti-slavery lecture; but I want to see them free, as I know from their own statements to me they wish to be, and Lincoln's election is a step toward it.

Then no tares shall be sown among
The pure white cotton unstained by wrong;
But the picker shall sing his whole life long
The song of the free, the heaven-born song.

There are years when causes alone are sown,
There are others, when only results are known;
But in this shall the two be eternally shown,
And the world shall alternate, rejoice and moan.

It shall moan as the slave when returned to the free,
Doth moan that he e'er could shackled be;
But the moan and the groan shall pass away,
And the world shall sing its roundelay
As they sang in Maryland the oth—
They groaned for a moment, they joy for aye.

As you vote with a view to your future good, bear in mind what would have been the vote of those soldiers who have fallen for their country, whose spirits oft in the dead of night march a mighty army on parade through the clear field of your vision, each in turn identified and cherished. Though no marble pillars be erected to their memory, history shall raise to your heroes of the North monuments as high and bright as the pillars of the Aurora Borealis of the North. As I go forth at night, I see the evening star, precursor of the galaxy that is soon to stud the sky, and I am minded of that star of the navy, Farragut, precursor of great victories; soon the moon appears,

and with calm and certain march, performs, like Sherman, his magnificent and unswerving round. But what fills us with unusual admiration and surprise, dazzling with sudden brilliancy; 'tis a meteor in its splendor, 'tis a comet in its speed; 'tis too magnificent to last we say, and watch it through the night; yet another night it comes, and yet another, till we subside the victims of inexpressible wonderment. 'Tis not that meteoric orator of England, Sheridan, but Sheridan, the meteoric warrior of America. And then comes the sun of day that in its mighty splendor gives the universe its warmth and light, as your Ulysses gives this war the light of skill, and warmth of hope and courage; while non-commissioned heroes through the milky-way, and shooting stars from Lyon until Mulligan flash on memory.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 701 191 8

